

HAIKU FOR PANDEMIC SANITY

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In November 2020, I read a story in *The Atlantic* about two old friends who kept in touch from the early days of the coronavirus pandemic by writing daily haiku and sharing them with each other.

Writing a haiku everyday seemed to me like a perfect, small commitment to help me keep some sense of center. It is tough to keep track of the passing of days and remember when particular events earlier in 2020 happened.

I didn't have a friend to share with, but since 15 November 2020 I've been writing one haiku a day; I post it to my Twitter account, which is one manner of sharing.

Some days the subject is pedestrian:

Big event today:
We all went to MVA!
Pat got REAL ID.
—16 November 2020

Some days the result seems a bit more poetic to me:

Late November day
Casts silvery light into
Spidery shadows.
—28 November 2020

Some days I record feelings of gloominess:

Despair feels nearby.
There are too many problems,
Not enough answers.
—18 November

Some days I feel much more optimistic:

Possibilities:
Some days like this come filled with
Possibilities.
—10 December 2020

Very often now the poem for the day arrives when I'm just waking up. Sometimes the poem even feels like the *reason* to get up. They all have helped serve to tell one day from the next.